

NATURE.

AFTER THE STORM.

Now the storm has passed away,
And flickering lightning ends the day.
Hailstones melting on the path,
Testify to the aftermath,
Of tattered leaves and flattened corn,
And flower beds that stand forlorn.

The gutters run full brim with rain,
As water rushes to the drain.
With bright lit eyes the children look,
To find the rushing, foaming brook,
That takes the water from the street,
The distant swollen stream to meet.

The setting sun shines gold and bright,
Bathing the scene in an eerie light.
Trees and houses stand out stark,
Against retreating storm clouds dark,
Framed by the glorious, heartening sight,
Of an arching rainbow, high and bright.

The Sun goes down, but the afterglow,
Catches the storm cloud from below,
And imparts a beautiful orange light,
That fades with the coming of the night.
A glow in the dark is all that remain,
Of the thunder, lightning, hail and rain.